

BRETHREN in INIQUITY: *LVII*

O R

A BEARDLESS Pair:

Held forth in a DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

TITCHBURN

AND

I R E T O N,

PRISONERS in the TOWER

O F

LONDON.

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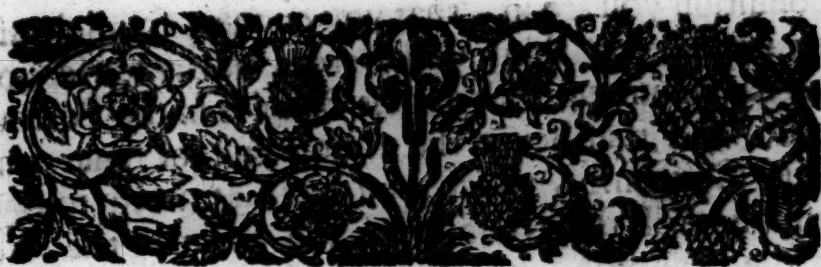
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L O N D O N



A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Alderman *TITCHBURN*

AND

Alderman *IRETON*,*Prisoners in the Tower of London.*

Titchburn. **L** Ag I, pray, play fellow, do you begin, here's a new Game called Law, and I alwayes was, and could still with my self a stranger to it.

Ireton. Sir, this is no Pageant or Boys play, the Bowling stone of the State is settled, and you are nickt; besides, you have been prime, and a Ring-leader, and have had a lucky hand on't these many years, what aile you to hang so a Rump.

A 2

Titch.

Titchburn. I perceive you are not sensible of the Condition you are in, that you enquire so idly after my grief; you think you were Cock a horse, or a Beggar mounted with a fools Baubles in the Portman-teau, and that being the utmost end of your ambitious Coxcomb, which you have attained to; you think not of the troubles of the Saints (the Justice of the Kingdom) but think to escape with an *Ignominus*.

Ireton. I am no Lord like your Honour, to be tryed by my Peers, I do not hope nor imagine to be acquitted by any wise Jury; and therefore I am the less pensive and melancholly at this disaster, wherein I think I shew my self wiser then your yesterday Lordship, for my wisdom is from the Antients that teach men (as Dogs are learned) Patience.

Titchburn. My good Lord, be not offended at my snarling, I confess Patience upon force, is a remedy for a Phanatique; but we fellow-sufferers ought not to exasperate one another, I know our zeal is quickly kindled, but now there wants oyl in our Lamp (here in the way to *Canaan*, I could hint to you his late Highness *Oliver's* Nose) we ought in Charity of Brethren, and fellow-labourers, to take care that the snuff may not stink in the Nostrils of the Heathen; by our owne blowing out the once bright flame of our Purity and Honesty.

Ireton. My Lord, fools speak truth (I understand you never took me for any thing else) your Apish Government of the City, your severe Discipline of the Herb-women and Haglers, made me so Pragmatical; for as the times went, the Affairs of the State were

were mannaged just like a Market, nothing but for money, and my Majoralty fell in such a year, so many Alterations and Changes in my short rule, that I knew not whereabouts to be; they say I was Lord Maior, but in truth I was Clerk of the Market to *Wallingford-House*.

Titchburn. I, Brother *Ireton*, had that noble Council of Officers endured that shitten storm of *Hazleriggs*, (for which wicked enterprise he is ready to hang himself) yon and I had been Canting still of the merits of the *Good Old Cause*, with abundance of Credit and Reputation, and I would have filcht Expressions of Piety from unknown unheard of Authors, and you should have borrowed as many from Mr. *Griffith* of the *Charter-house*; I wonder who hath bespewed (or be-shit rather) all our Glory, as he said in the last Sermon before you at *Pauls*.

Ireton. You will be a Cynick still, and rode and bite at your friends, as well as your fetters; the first are as willing to be rid of you, as you are of the other (and it is the general vogue, you will be rid of both together, else *Dun* is abused.)

Titchburn. I am sorry I did not put that fellow out of that Employment, he fell once into my handling, for not burning a fellow soundly, according to my Order; but he found favour from me by an humble Petition, yet he look'd so disastroufly upon me, when he put it into my hand, that I am more then suspicious he will throroughly burn me; Bowels and all.

Ireton. My Lord, you burnt with your own hands the Kings Declaration from *Worcester*, and the Hangman through your hot zeal lost his labour, in common
Justice

Justice, therefore it is requisite that he should have right done him ; and that he should make up his dayes work with some employment about your Lordship.

Titch. Bro. *Ireton*, I writ a godly book called *A Cluster of Grapes*, the Title was Ominous, and serves the turn, for we Canaanites will like good fellows hang together in bunches.

Ireton. Pardon me, I'll rather stay here till Autumn, and taste some of the sowre Grapes that grow upon these walls ; by your favour, I am not so far in the mire as your self, and I have got little else besides an ill name, and that partly I had from my Brother the Devils Deputy in *Ireland*: Sir an ill name, is by the Proverb, but half hanging.

Titchb. Were not you a Colonel of Horse, were not you like to be Lord Major twice, do you think to have these Honours for nothing ? besides, did not you cheat the State of the Customs, for the whole space of a moneth ? Sir, you are in the same Predicament as *Pennington*, *Harway*, and my self: But suppose you had not wit enough of your own to compass an Estate, yet Sir, you shall answer for the Portion you had with your first Wife, which was got by roasting of Brooms for the Servants on *Sunday* nights.

Ireton. Nay, if you be thereabouts with *Tom Prides* Bears, and have the faculty of railing (as *Oliver* had of swearing, when he was angry) its time to take you down, or truss you up: what think you of Mr. *Windust*? Sir, were not you the great overseer of the Ale-Houses, the Pot informer, the Bawds and Whores Secretary, the great Caball of all the lewdness in the Town; for all your starcht grave superciliousness?

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was not your *Privado* your familiar Mr. *Bunbury*, a fine Companion for an Alderman? Have you not a perfect List of all the smug young Auxiliaries in the Town, which folks stick not to say is high Treason against the Female Sex; nay Sir, were not you President of the New Artillery Company in *Finsbury*, and did you not continue so till they were so weary of you, and your solemn impertinencies, that they formally disowned and abhorred you?

Titchb. Good Sir, what think you (if you shun perchance the Gallows, as you vainly promise your self, for you are a mischeivous fool none of Gods making) of your riotous attempt upon the Liberties of the *Fleet-Prison*) did not you pimp and peep to into Bawdy-houses in that Lane under pretence of your power of Jurisdiction there? who pays for those Escapes there? in troth Sir, we both lack such a venturous Lord Maior as your self, for this Liberty of the *Tower*; for then we would both run away together, though I cannot tell whether except to *Jamaica*; for there's no other Harbour or Sanctuary for us in any part of the world, our Faction and party are so known and detested.

Jetton. What a Curse and misfortune attends us, we cannot have a word or two, but presently we must together by the ears, and rip up things like *Bellinggate*, this very trick ruined the *Rump* and *Lambert*, and our whole Gang; but yet now you are speaking of getting out hence, I can be Friends with you with all my heart, I suppose you know some private house where we may lye secure till we have a fair wind, it is high time to consider of it, e're the King come, for he will be strongly

strongly importuned for justice against us.

Titchb. But how shall we get out hence, now *Morty* is not Lieutenant of the *Tower*; and for my own part, I can find no more Connivence or Favour, then if I had never bore Authority here.

Ireton. My Lord, it is unlucky returning over the mud in the Moat, for then we shall be caught again, what think you of a Disguise.

Titchb. Very well, but what, they say I am as notorious as *Miles Corbet* the Jew, but tell me what Disguise.

Ireton. I know you are well-beloved of the Herb-women, in your New Market in *Pauls Church-yard*; and therefore I would advise you to send thither for a bunch of Carrots to make you a Beard, and on my life that will carry it.

Titchb. I thank you Sir, I can help you to such another Masquing business.

Ireton. What's that?

Titchb. Mol Cutpurses Falling Band, Doublet and Petty-coats, in which she lookt like a man, that the guard will never take you for.

Ireton. Any way so we may be gone hence, do you good my Lord contrive, and I'll do as you bid me; but what shall we do for the brace of Five hundred pounds you and I sent *Lambert*?

Titchb. It is come to that pass, that you and I must be losers by the Publick Faith; they cry a riddance of us is fitter then acquittance, come *Dan* I am ready.